Oth. What voyce is this? not dead? not yet quite dead?
I that am cruell, am yet mercifull,
I would not haue thee linger in thy paine, --- ſo, ſo.
Em. What ho, my Lord, my Lord.
Oth. Who's there?
Em. O good my Lord, I'de ſpeake a word with you.
Oth. Yes, tis *Emillia*, by and by: ſhee's dead:
Tis like ſhe comes to ſpeake of *Caſsios* death;
The noyſe was here; ha, no more moouing,
Still as the graue: ſhall ſhe come in? were't good?
I thinke ſhe ſtirres againe; no, what's the beſt?
If ſhe come in, ſhee'll ſure ſpeake to my wife.
My wife, my wife, my wife; I ha no wife;
O inſupportable: O heauy houre.
Me thinks it ſhould be now a huge Eclips
Of Sunne and Moone, and that the affrighted Globe,
Should yawne at alteration.
Em. I doe beſeech you I may ſpeake with you, - good my Lord.
Oth. I had forgot thee: O come in *Emillia*.
Soft, by and by; let me the Curtaines draw, *Ent.* Emil.
Where art thou? whats the matter with thee now?
Em. O my good Lord, yonder's foule murders done.
Oth. What, now?
Em. But now my Lord.
Oth. It is the very error of the Moone,
She comes more neere the earth, then ſhe was wont,
And makes men mad.
Em. *Caſsio* my Lord has kil'd a yong *Venetian*,
Call'd *Roderigo*.
Oth. *Roderigo* kild, and *Caſsio* kild?
Em. No, *Caſsio* is not kild.
Oth. Not *Caſsio* kild, then murders out of tune,
And ſweete reuenge growes harſh.
Deſ. O falſly, falſly murdered.
Em. O Lord; what cry is that?
Oth. That? what?
Em. Out and alas, it is my Ladyes voyce,

Helpe,

Helpe, helpe, ho helpe, O Lady
Sweete *Deſdemona*, O ſweete M
Deſ. A guiltleſſe death I di
Em. O who has done this
Deſ. No body, I my ſelfe, fa
Commend me to my kinde Lor
Oth. Why, how ſhould ſhe
Em. Alas, who knowes?
Oth. You heard her ſay, her
Em. She ſayd ſo, I muſt nee
Oth. She's like a lyer, gone
'Twas I that kild her.
Em. O, the more Angell ſh
And you the blacker diuell.
Oth. She turn'd to folly, an
Em. Thou doeſt bely her, a
Oth. She was falſe as wate
Em. Thou as raſh as fire,
To ſay that ſhe was falſe: O
Oth. *Caſsio* did top her, aſk
O I were damn'd beneath all d
But that I did proceed, vpon ju
To this extremity, thy husband
Em. My husband?
Oth. Thy husband.
Em. That ſhe was falſe to
Oth. I, with *Caſsio*: nay, ha
If heauen would make me ſuch
Of one intire and perfect Criſ
I'de not haue ſold her for it.
Em. My husband?
Oth. I, twas he that told m
An honeſt man he is, and hates
That ſticks on filthy deedes.
Em. My husband?
Oth. What needes this ite
Em. If he ſay ſo, may his p

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